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THE

VOICE OF WARNING:

ADDRESSED TO

YOUNG MEN,

AND DESIGNED TO

Guard those that are out, and to rescue those that are in,

THE WAY TO RUIN.

C. J. Foster

NEW YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1867.

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P R E F A C E.

I WILL give a history of my travels through many of the States and Territories in America. My travels across the Rocky Mountains twice--My hunting tours amongst buffaloes, and other kinds of wild game--A wounded buffalo killing one of my company--A horse-thief mortally wounded by the horse he stole from us--My visits with "Kit Carson," the far-famed mountaineer and Indian hunter, and many of his stories--The killing and scalping of an Indian by one of our company--A horrible murder committed in our emigrant train--The murderer lynched--Four hundred Sioux Indians attacking us--Our victory over the savages--My stay in "Salt Lake City," amongst the Mormons--A description of Brigham Young's palace ; also the great Mormon temple--My stay two hundred miles west of "Salt Lake City," among the "Goshoot Indians"--The killing and scalping of my comrades--My escape--The cause of my blindness--Also the lives of many reckless men.

VOICE OF WARNING.

"BLIND man ! What is the cause of your blindness ?" How often I have been asked this question during the last four years ! My answer has been "the small pox." This answer, though true, is not the whole truth. The first and chief cause was my vicious habits, drinking spirituous liquors, gambling, and using tobacco, which have ruined thousands of others and hastened them to early graves. I have been ashamed to state the whole cause of my present wretched condition. And I would still prefer to conceal the fact as far as possible ; but after much thought, I have come to the conclusion to publish a sketch of my wicked and miserable career, in the hope of saving some from a similar fate. Unfit for any of the ordinary employments, I have determined to do what I can to carry out this purpose, mortifying as it is to my pride.

In the following pages I give the reader a history of my life from the age of sixteen to the age of thirty years, when I became blind. The most of this time I spent in roving, drinking, and gambling, which brought me into my present condition. I will also give the history of the lives of many others, my acquaintances and associates, some of whom spent their last days in the State prison and the poor house, some of them are still there ; and a few have drawn their last breath under the gallows.

Reader ! my history will be truthfully given. It has been written with my own hand, I having been taught in an Asylum for the Blind, to write without sight. Having a poor education, mostly through my own fault, my writing was, of course, imperfect, and has been put into the hands of a friend who has copied it and made some corrections. But every statement is true. Not a fact has been stated which I do not know from my own personal knowledge and observation and the best information, to be true.

My father was a farmer, and lived a mile west of the village

of Warsaw, Wyoming county, New York. He had eight children, two daughters and six sons, of whom I was the fifth. Desiring to learn the tin smith's trade, with the consent of my father, I commenced my apprenticeship with Hodge & Morris, with whom I was to continue three years, working in the tin shop through the day, and serving as clerk in the hard-ware store in the evening. I slept in the store.

After I had been in the village about two months, I was invited by a clerk of a dry goods store to come to the store about ten o'clock in the evening, to eat poached eggs, to be cooked in a pan made of paper. This was something I had never heard of, and I accepted the invitation. I found at the store five young men, being myself the sixth. The window blinds were closed, and the door locked. The sheet of paper was then formed into the shape of a bake-pan. Melted butter was put into it, and then the eggs, well beaten, were poured in. The pan was set on a box stove, and the eggs were well cooked in about two minutes. The counter, which had been used as a table, was cleared off, and the dishes washed and returned to their places. Then, "Hurrah, boys, for a game at cards!" I declined playing, not knowing one card from another. The others insisted on my playing, and offered to teach me. Those who sat next to me were very attentive to me ; and all complimented me for my aptness as a beginner. We played until nearly twelve o'clock, when, it being Saturday evening, one of the boys said we must adjourn, or we should break the Sabbath. I had already acquired a strong attachment to card playing.

Before we left the store, a clerk from another store invited us to a similar entertainment at the store of his employer, the next Wednesday evening. We met at the appointed time. This clerk had procured a pitcher of beer to be added to our former bill of fare. I was told that eggs were much better when eaten with beer. To me, however, the beer tasted worse than any medicine I had ever taken ; and I drank it only because the others did. After supper, again the counter was cleared and all things put in order ; and again the cards were introduced. We played an hour or more, and went to our respective beds, most of us sleeping in the stores. This afforded us the opportunity to be out as late at night as we chose, without the knowledge of our employers. We continued congregating in the stores every few nights, playing cards, drinking beer, wine, and after awhile, whisky, and all other kinds of strong drink. Next, we got to playing for pennies, then for five cent

pieces, then for ten cent pieces ; and so on, all of us going on fast to ruin, though we were not aware of it.

I had been with Hodge & Morris eleven months, when, having been out late the night before, and being cross and peevish, I had some hard words with Morris, and quit working for the company, and went home to work on the farm. Having become attached to the bad boys in the village, time seemed to pass very slowly. After working on the farm about three months, I got a situation with A. H. Carpenter, and was much pleased to get back into the village, as I could again play cards, drink liquor, and use tobacco without my parents knowing it. Thus I continued for eight months to drink and gamble nights, till a late hour. I had now got so I would step into the bar rooms and saloons at night, when I could do it on the sly. I was now taken sick, and went to my father's house, where I was confined by severe sickness for six weeks. When I was again able to work, Mr. Carpenter had sold out, and I lost my situation. Not knowing of my bad habits, he recommended me to Mr. Arthur Burtis, of Churchville, Monroe county, for whom I engaged to work one year. I worked three months, when my health again failed, and I quit work and returned to Warsaw. My father had sold his farm and moved into the village.

After I had regained my health I visited Attica, thirteen miles from Warsaw. At Attica I got to playing cards with some bad young men. To avoid being seen, we went into an orchard in the outskirts of the village. We sat down in the shade of a large apple tree and put our money upon a handkerchief spread on the ground. While engaged here at gambling, we were discovered by a citizen of the place, though he was not seen by us. Being acquainted with my father's family, he recognized me, and wrote my father a letter, informing him of the company and the act in which he had seen me. The next day, I returned to Warsaw. I had a brother-in-law living at the depot, where I called to see my sister and her family a few minutes before going to my father's. I found my sister crying, and asked her the cause. She said I would find out when I should see my father ; and added : "We have all heard of your gambling at Attica with bad men. Shame on you—a gambler—shame on you, C——!" and cried still more bitterly. I was so shocked that I could hardly stand. I thought of my poor mother and my young sister at home. I knew I should find them weeping. I knew not what to do. I was ashamed to go home ; and after sitting a few minutes longer, looking at my

sister, who continued crying, I went to the ticket-office, and waited for the next train of cars going west, and returned to Attica, but with a heavy heart. I drank beer and other liquors very freely for several days, to drown my thoughts of home, gambling most of the time, night and day, a practice then quite prevalent in Attica. I was lucky, winning often from experienced gamblers.

I had been but a few days at Attica, when I heard of a gambler in San Francisco, called "Stuttering Alic," who had won \$11,000 in gold, one morning before breakfast. This encouraged me; I did not know but I might some day be as successful as Stuttering Alic. I now commenced traveling. I visited Buffalo, Rochester, and many other towns in Western New York, and was exceedingly lucky, winning at almost every game, but spending my money very freely. I went on in this way until March, when my luck changed. I lost at nearly every game, until one night in the city of Rochester I lost my last dollar. Downhearted, I moved my chair back from the table, and, while sitting there, I resolved to go home to my friends and never again drink, gamble, or use tobacco; for I had become a perfect tobacco worm. I told an old, gray-headed gambler, sitting in a remote part of the room, what I had determined to do. He advised me to do so, for I was still young and did not fully know the evil of these bad habits. He was the oldest gambler I ever saw. Most gamblers die at a comparatively early period of life. The next morning I called on a gambler who owed me a few dollars, got the money, and took the cars for Warsaw. I begged of my relations to forgive my past conduct, and I promised entirely to forsake my evil habits. I was readily forgiven and welcomed home.

During my absence, my father had gone to Michigan, and bought some landed property near Kalamazoo, which required his attention during the summer. I wrote to him, informing him of my reformation, and requesting him to get for me a situation at or near that place, where I could finish my trade. He got me a situation with Potter & Woodbury, in the city of Kalamazoo, and wrote me, enclosing twenty-five dollars to pay my expenses. Never did a son receive better advice than was given in this letter. My mother and sister prepared my clothes for my journey; and soon the omnibus stopped at the gate to take me to the depot, and the family bade me good bye. Such expressions of warm and tender affection as were uttered by my mother and sister, are seldom witnessed. And oh! what anxiety did they

betray in their parting advice, entreating me to be steady and keep out of bad company ; their tears flowing down their cheeks !

I soon found myself pleasantly situated with my new employers, whom I found to be excellent men. I worked for them steadily for nearly three months, when I was invited by some gay fellows to evening parties, where the guests were treated with wine, and played *ucce* for amusement. I attended a number of parties without either drinking or playing. I was asked the reason ; but I durst not tell them it was because I loved both too well, and feared a relapse into my former habits, which I wished to conceal, especially from the young ladies. At length, however, I made up my mind to drink and play at these parties just for company's sake ; but I would never go further. Alas for the consequences ! My appetite for stronger liquor and my passion for card playing were revived ; and I soon found myself as bad as ever. Oh ! that I had heeded the parting advice of my mother and sisters ! But I went on gambling nearly every night until twelve or one o'clock, and working day-times, thus learning two trades at the same time. My chief object in learning the tin-smith's trade was to have something to fall back upon in case I should find myself among strangers, broken by gambling.

I often heard in the gambling rooms of a very rich gambler in Marshall, called Lucky Bill, said to be the most skillful gambler in the State of Michigan. This encouraged me again. I thought it possible for me to become one of these rich gamblers. I aimed high. Instead of playing ten cent games, as I did at first, I wanted to play "big" games, as I should then win or lose "piles" of money. Again I was lucky, winning almost every time I played.

I had been at Kalamazoo about nine months, when, one evening, on the way to my supper, I stopped at a saloon for a drink. The bar-keeper told me there was in town a "traveling sport" who wanted a game. I asked his name ; the bar-keeper said it was Shepard. Returning from supper, I called at the saloon, and Shepard was there. After an introduction by the bar-keeper, we three, with another Kalamazoo gentleman, went to the gambling room, and played a game called Bluff, until, on counting my money, I found myself the loser by ninety dollars ; and I judged the other Kalamazoo gentleman had lost at least an equal amount. Shepard was the lucky man. I left the room, and, going up the street, met another Kalamazoo

gambler, who told me that Lucky Bill was in town, in disguise, calling himself Shepard. So I learned that the "sport" was no other than the famed Lucky Bill himself. Finding that he was known in Kalamazoo, he took the train the next morning for Marshall. The bar-keeper and the other man continued playing with him until they had lost four hundred dollars. I kept at my work, playing nights ; and was generally lucky.

I was at Kalamazoo thirteen months, the most of which time was spent in vice and dissipation, when sickness again compelled me to return to Warsaw, where I was confined during the winter. In the spring I went East, and connected myself with E. S. Washburn's traveling circus. I was what is by showmen termed a "candy butcher." I had my stand inside the canvas. I made considerable money selling fruits, candies, and lemonade made of tartaric acid and a few old lemon peels. At Columbus, Ohio, late in autumn, I sold out, and went to Warsaw to spend the winter, intending to travel with the same circus the next summer. In the spring, as I was about starting, my mother and sisters, having learned my intentions, endeavored to dissuade me from my purpose. My mother begged me, with tears, not to go, saying that showmen generally were not respected. Deeply affected, as I truly was, by her grief, I promised her that I would give up my intended business. I determined, however, to go West, and go so far that my people would not know what I was doing. I went to Buffalo, and took passage on board a steamboat, the first boat up the lakes that spring. Our passage was so obstructed by ice that we were three weeks going by way of the lakes to Chicago. I was sorry when we landed. I had gambled most of the time,—the passengers being quite green at card-playing. I beat them with ease.

From Chicago I went by railroad to Dubuque, and thence by stage to Delhi, Delaware Co., Iowa, where I got the name of Lucky Joe. I was there two years, working, gambling, and dealing in land, and made considerable money. I then went to Warsaw to visit my relatives, and after a few months I returned to Iowa, stopping at Dubuque, where I remained three months, during which time gambling was my only business. The game having become somewhat dull here, I commenced traveling. I went East, West, North and South, gambling in cities and towns on the lines of railroads, canals, lakes and rivers.

Having traveled in the way just mentioned till 1859, three other young men and myself formed a company, and started for the newly discovered gold mines at Pike's Peak. My partners

were not gamblers. We bought our outfit at Omaha City, Nebraska. We started, intending to cross the Platte river at Shinn's Ferry ; but hearing bad news from Pike's Peak gold mines, we changed our minds, kept on the North side of the river, and headed our course for California. We drove along behind two large sheep drovers ; and when any of their sheep became sick or lame, they would let them drop behind, and the wolves, which were very numerous on the Plains, would commence eating the poor animals alive. After witnessing a few such cases, we shot all that were thus left behind, to end their suffering in the shortest manner. We passed Fort Kearney twenty-five miles to Elm Creek. We had seen many Indians on our route, but had had no trouble from them except their begging. We here saw the first buffalo we had ever seen wild. There were upwards of thirty in a herd nearly two miles off. One of our company mounted our saddle horse with his gun, gave them a chase and killed one of them, a very large one. We smoked about four hundred pounds of the meat, after the manner of the Indians, by driving sticks into the ground and laying other sticks across the tops of them ; and then laying the meat in thin slices on the cross sticks, and keeping a slow fire under it.

While we were thus curing our meat, an emigrant train came along, bound for California. It being Saturday, the emigrants camped to lay over on the Sabbath. On Sunday morning we clubbed together for a buffalo chase. Eight of us saddled our horses, expecting some rich sport. In the train was an aged Christian lady, who begged of us not to hunt on the Sabbath, saying if we did we would meet with some accident. We laughingly told her she was crazy. Within an hour after we had started, we were pursuing a herd of several hundred buffaloes, of which we killed nine. But our best horse, stepping into a wolf-hole, pitched over and broke his neck, and threw his rider twenty feet in advance of him. Was this our only misfortune ? No : one of our company, William Carr, of Ohio, nineteen years of age, was killed by a wounded buffalo ! He had shot the animal, and chased him into a mountain. He got off his pet horse, took out his sheath knife, and cut the buffalo's throat. The animal sprang upon him, and stamped and hooked him to death. When we arrived at the spot both were dead, their bodies lying about two rods apart, and the horse standing near and looking at his master, who had raised him from a colt. The reader can judge our feelings on seeing the badly mangled

body of our young friend,—for he was a favorite with us all. We lashed the body on his pet horse, who seemed to feel as bad as we Sabbath-breakers did, and took it to the camp, a distance of five miles. It was a mournful time with the emigrants. The old lady's words had proved true. Now we did not think her crazy. We buried the remains of poor Billy Carr, put up a pine board at the head of his grave, and laid over the next day to cure our buffalo meat.

On the following morning we hitched up our teams and pursued our journey, all of us Sabbath-breakers feeling very sad at the loss of our much loved friend. We traveled on to Fort Laramie, four hundred miles from Fort Kearney, killing buffaloes almost every day except Sundays. Not a man of us would hunt on the Sabbath. When we arrived at Fort Laramie, or on the opposite side of the river from the Fort, we heard the favorable report of Horace Greeley, respecting the mines at Pike's Peak, while on his tour to California; and we then turned our course toward these mines. We crossed the Platte river with our four teams. We ferried ourselves across in a wagon-box calked with pieces of old rope. Our stock we swam across. We went to Pike's Peak, two hundred miles, and found that the miners had deceived Mr. Greeley. But few mines would pay for working. We staid here, however, the remainder of the summer; my partners prospecting for gold, and I spending my time at the gambling tables.

While we were camped at Bolder City, a report came into town that the Navajoe Indians shot gold bullets; and miners, excited by the news, started for the Navajoe range, distant 150 miles. Five miners, who started with their saddle mules and pack mules but two days in advance of my partners and others who were preparing for the trip, having passed over the snowy range into the Navajoe country, were met by a large party of Indians, and both the men and the mules were killed, and the saddles, it was said, were cut into pieces and strewed in the trail, as if to deter all white men from following this trail. My partners and their companions followed this trail to the place where the men and mules were lying, and turned about and came back to Bolder City.

We remained about the mines until the last of October, when we started for Taos, New Mexico, distant 250 miles. Our company consisted of the persons connected with eight wagons. Nothing worth relating happened until we had crossed the Raton mountains, within eight miles of Fort Garland. We had

two fine horses which we did not use on the wagons, but which followed them as a dog is wont to do. Occasionally they would stop to graze for a few moments by the road-side. As we were wending slowly along through the *canon*—broken mountains on either side—we looked back, but our horses were not in sight. It was soon ascertained that the horses must have had riders. We unharnessed our horses and mules, mounted them, and followed our stolen horses by their tracks from the road toward the mountains. We soon saw one of them running up the side of the mountain, with a person on his back. We gave hot chase, and the horse threw his rider, who struck his side upon a rock, and was so badly injured that he was unable to stand. The other thief escaped with the stolen horse. We took the wounded thief to our wagons, intending to hang him. But a doctor who was in our train examined him and found his ribs broken. He said it was useless to hang him, as he could live but two or three days. We laid him by the side of the road, gave him some water and three days' provisions, and passed on to Taos.

I had been at Taos but a few days before I got a situation as clerk in an American hotel. Evenings, after I closed the hotel, I visited the gambling rooms. Gambling is very prevalent here among the Spaniards, Mexicans, and soldiers. And the Sabbath is the day for cock-fighting, and all kinds of gaming. Some of the evenings which I did not spend at the gaming table, I visited Kit Carson, the far-famed mountaineer and Indian hunter, to hear him tell his interesting Indian, bear, and wolf stories. One of them was substantially as follows :

When he was Government guide, piloting the old regular soldiers through the mountains in Mexico, above Bent's old fort on the Arkansas river, one afternoon, the soldiers being camped, he took his gun and went up along the river to see if he could not kill a bear for the officers. He was about eight miles from camp, and in the woods about two hundred yards from the river, when, looking toward the river, he saw a party of Indians, and with them a white woman and two girls. Kit went back and informed the commanding officer, who detailed thirty armed soldiers to go and rescue the woman and children from the savages. He piloted them to the place where the Indians were, but on the opposite side of the river. It being near midnight, the Indians were all asleep. Mrs. Smith (for that was her name), was sitting with her face buried in her hands. One of her girls was in a similar position, the other lying on the ground

asleep, and the Indians sleeping all around them. The soldiers stood awaiting orders from their commander, who stood trembling and pale, afraid to attack the sleeping Indians and rescue their prisoners, though there were no more than thirty of them. One of the Indians awoke, and, seeing the soldiers, gave a yell. All the Indians sprang upon their feet, took their tomahawks, plunged them into the heads of their prisoners, and fled to the mountains without the loss or injury of one of their number! The bodies of Mrs. Smith and the girls were taken to the camp and buried. Carson said he was scarcely able to keep the privates from shooting their cowardly officer. "I know his name, and ought to expose it to the public. He is yet alive; and such a man is just brave enough to creep up to a blind man and shoot or stab him."

While I was in Taos, Kit Carson was Indian agent for a number of different tribes of Indians that range through New Mexico. He at one time went over the mountains to give the Navajoe Indians their supplies. These Indians told him about the killing of the five Pike's Peak miners, whose murder I have mentioned. They said they were brave white men, having killed twelve of their Indians, so that they died before they (the Indians) killed the miners, and mortally wounded twelve others so they died in a few weeks after.

At another time while I was in Taos, Kit went off amongst the Apache Indians, where he found a little American boy about nine years old, a prisoner. The boy could speak neither English nor Spanish, but he could, in broken English, tell his name, and said his father and mother and little sisters had been killed by the Indians, and his elder brother had been drowned in the river trying to escape, and the Indians got him out of the river to take off his scalp. The Indians hold prisoners as property, and a prisoner may be bought for a pony worth no more than twenty dollars. Kit, when he found this boy, had two large American mules worth six hundred dollars; the one a saddle mule, the other a pack mule. He gave one of them for the boy, and took the boy behind him on the other, and brought him to Taos. Being asked why he did not come to the settlement and get a cheap pony to trade for the boy, he answered that the Indians were a deceitful race, and they might have killed the boy, or run him to the mountains where he could not be found. Kit took the boy into his family, with his Spanish wife and his two small girls, and sent him to school; Peter Joseph, Col. St. Vrain, and other leading men in Taos paying

his tuition, till they could find out whether he had relatives in Texas, where his parents and the other children were killed. It may be truly said of Kit Carson that he is one of the most noble-minded, kind hearted men in the United States. He is now about sixty years of age, a colonel of a regiment of mountainers in New Mexico, and a brave officer.

I staid in Taos until the next spring, when I took passage in Col. St. Vrain's freight train back to the States. Few incidents worth relating occurred on our journey. After we had got into Kansas, at a creek called one hundred and ten, we met a mule freight train bound for Santa Fe. We all camped for dinner, and for baiting our teams. While here, one of our Mexican drivers challenged one of the drivers bound for Santa Fe to a game at cards. A dispute arose between them, and our driver was stabbed by the other so that he died in two hours. The Santa Fe driver fled, and escaped justice.

At Kansas City, Missouri, I left the train, and again commenced gambling, and continued this vicious practice in Missouri, Illinois, and other Western States, until the spring of 1862, when I started for California. I crossed the Missouri river the 19th of May, and joined an emigrant train at Omaha City, Nebraska. We elected our captain—for all trains crossing the Plains have a captain—and went on our way rejoicing. Nothing of interest occurred until we had got within forty miles of Fort Kearney. Two of our company one night were out standing guard over our stock, which consisted of horses, mules, and cattle. One of the guard, George Stowell, saw an Indian creeping along behind some bushes. The Indian shot an arrow at George, who, in return, fired at the Indian with his gun. The Indian jumped up, gave three yells, and fell dead. Stowell and John Barnett came into camp and told what had happened. The next morning John invited us to go and see him scalp the Indian. He said if the Indian had killed him the Indian would have taken his scalp; and for that reason he should take the Indian's scalp. We went, taking with us three shovels to dig the Indian's grave. George performed the operation quite skilfully, as we all thought, though none of us had ever seen a person scalped before. We buried him in true Indian style, wrapping him in his blanket, and laying his bow and arrows on his body before covering it. The Indians give their dead a bow and arrows to shoot game with while crossing the vast desert to the Spirit Land, which abounds with all kinds of wild game. They believe that those who are brave go to that land after

death ; but those who are not brave go to the bad country to which the white man goes.

Having buried the Indian, we proceeded on our journey. In crossing the Plains this time, I saw but one buffalo. Thousands had been killed by Pike's Peak emigrants, and the rest had probably been frightened away.

When we had passed Fort Kearney, 141 miles westward, one morning as we were about to start, a horrid murder was committed in our train by one of our number, whose name was Frasier. The person killed was our captain, Wm. Foster. Some hard words had passed between them concerning their teams. When the captain had turned his back and was walking away, Frasier drew out his bowie knife and stabbed him in the neck, cutting off a large vein, and causing immediate death. Frasier, in his attempt to escape, sprang to my saddle horse which was tied behind one of the wagons. I sprang and grabbed him, and with the assistance of two others, captured him, took from him his revolver and bowie-knife, and tied him hand and foot. A consultation was held, and it was decided that he should be taken along to Fort Laramie, and delivered to the United States troops. The burial of the captain was a solemn and sorrowful occasion, for he was beloved by all the emigrants. While we were burying the captain, we were told by a man in the train that he was acquainted with Frasier in St. Jo, Missouri, and that he was a drunken, fighting fellow. Fearing that he might make his escape before we could get him to Fort Laramie, a distance of 260 miles, we resolved to dispose of him before we proceeded on our journey. A judge was appointed to try him, and a jury was formed ; and the man having the best knowledge of law of all in the train, was appointed as counsel for the prisoner. Myself and seven others were witnesses, I having stood within ten feet of Frasier when he committed the murder. The trial lasted two hours, and the jury brought him in guilty of murder in the first degree ; and the judge sentenced him to be hung between the hours of one and three o'clock. There being no timber within many miles, the question was how to build a scaffold. Our judge being an old Californian, was not long in devising a plan of a gallows. He ordered two of the heaviest ox-wagons, having the longest and largest poles, to be drawn up facing each other, the poles to be hoisted, the ends to be tied together, and the wheels to be blocked. A barrel was placed directly under the ends of the tongues or poles, and the criminal on the barrel with one end

of a rope around his neck, and the other tied to the ends of the poles. The judge then ordered the larets to be taken off the horses and mules, and tied together so as to make a rope two hundred feet long, the middle of the rope to be put around the barrel. Every man, woman and child was ordered to take hold of the rope, some strong men to be nearest to the barrel. The judge gave the word, and we all pulled suddenly, and drew the barrel from under the feet of the culprit. His neck was broken by the fall, and when dead the body was taken down and buried on the side of the road opposite to the place where the captain was buried. We then elected the judge for our captain, and pursued our journey.

Reader ! what do you suppose was the cause of Frasier's committing the deed for which he was executed ? After he had received his sentence, he prayed and cried piteously, and said if it had not been for liquor he would not have committed the fatal crime. He had a barrel, or rather a large keg of liquor in his wagon, and had drank freely of it. We poured the liquor out of the barrel before he was executed. This was the barrel which was used for his scaffold. Young men who read these pages, let the fate of Frasier admonish you to abstain entirely from the use of intoxicating drinks. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the only safe rule.

After we had passed Fort Laramie and crossed the Black Mountains, or Black Hills, and were traveling up along the Sweet Water river, one of our men went with his gun toward the brink of the river in quest of game. But instead of finding four-legged game, he saw about four hundred red skins, skulked behind some willow bushes, apparently intending to attack our train. He dodged behind a rock, and crept on his hands and knees till he got behind a small mountain, unseen by the Indians, and came running up to the train and told us what he had seen. Our advance teams were fast descending a very steep mountain, about thirty rods from top to base. The road passed through a ravine about fifty rods, then up another monntain about thirty rods from base to top. We were much alarmed by the news brought us by our hunter, and knew not what to do. Four of our lead teams were so far down the mountain that we could not get them back without going down to the centre of the ravine, which extended down to the river where the Indians were in ambush ; and we supposed they intended to attack us in this ravine. After a few minutes consultation, we concluded to go through and gain the top of the mountain on the other side, if possible. Women and children were crying, some of them

praying to be saved from the hands of the savages. Captain Lawrence ordered the teamsters to put whip to their teams. When we came to the centre of the ravine the Indians saw us, and came running toward us, the air ringing with their savage yells. There was a general excitement in our train. The yells of the Indians and the screams of our women and children frightened the teams, and so increased their speed that we reached the top of the mountain before the Indians got within arrow shot. Reader, you can not imagine how our old sore-footed oxen ran. It seemed as if they knew that their own safety as well as ours depended upon their reaching the top of the mountain.

Having thus far effected our purpose, we formed a *correll*; and the men with their guns formed a line around our wagons to protect the women and children. Some men were as much frightened as the women and children : one of them holding in his hands his ox-whip, supposing he had his gun, until told of his mistake, while preparing to "take aim." The Indians occasionally sent a bullet among us, while we were ninety men strong, all well armed. Eight or ten of our guns would carry a bullet nearly half a mile with accuracy. We formed in line chiefly to let the Indians see our strength, hoping they would go away without fighting. But they did not leave until we had fired at them, and probably killed some of them. All the damage we received was the loss of a young mule, one of his legs having been broken by a rifle ball. The Indians having become afraid of us, they retreated to the mountains, and we went on our way rejoicing at our victory. George Stowell was eager for some of their scalps, but thought it imprudent to go after them.

Passing through Echo canon toward Salt Lake City, we examined some of the rocks used by the Mormons for breast-works, and through which they had drilled holes for port-holes. I have seen solid piles of rock near this place as large and as high as a common dwelling house. These must form breast-works capable of resisting the strongest force. The port-holes were drilled at the time when President Buchanan ordered an army of regulars to Salt Lake City. They were met at Green River by the Mormons, who, it is said, bought off the Government officers, and our army returned to the States. Many lost their lives on the Plains ; some were frozen to death. The affair was badly managed by our officers. I would give more of the particulars of this expedition did space permit.

We arrived at Salt Lake City on the 20th of July. The

train stopped here three days to recruit their stock a little, and proceeded on their way to California. I remained ten days to learn something of the Mormons, of whom I had read and heard so much. I was there on the 24th of July, which is celebrated as the anniversary of their first settlement in Salt Lake valley in 1847. Everything passed off civilly. I saw but one man the worse for liquor. I must say, however, that I had never seen so many children in one day as I saw on that day. I went to the Temple and examined its walls. They were about four feet thick, and were then about eight feet high, built of solid cut stone, and the temple, it was said, would be when finished the largest that has been built since King Solomon's time, and was intended to be similar to that built by him. The wall around the temple is ten feet high, and about three feet thick.

I went to call on Brigham Young, or, as the Mormons call him, President Young. But he was ill, and his physician would not let him receive company. I, however, examined his palace and his garden. The garden is the finest I have ever seen, and contains five acres. The wall around his palace is similar to that around the Temple, and has two passage-ways through it, a small and a large one. Over each of these is a large marble stone. On the stone over the small passage-way, is carved a lamb in a lying posture ; and on that over the large passage-way, a lion in the same posture. These are intended to illustrate the Scripture prediction of the day when "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together."

I saw about the city many women without hair on their heads, young women as well as old. I took the liberty of asking a rattle-headed young Mormon the cause of so many women losing their hair. I asked if it was not the climate. He said it was not ; and gave as an answer, that when a man having a number of wives, was away from home, the women would get to fighting a little, just for fun, and pull out each other's hair. "Rather harsh fun," I said. He said, "Oh ! they enjoy just as good health without hair as with it, for all I can see." The fighting, I thought, was quite probable ; the rest of the answer was less so. I thought too, that I should not wish a lady friend of mine to marry a Mormon.

During my stay in the city, I engaged with J. Gooding, the Superintendent of the Overland Mail Stage, to keep a Stage Station, called Canon Station, situated in the centre of one of those small deserts, which was about thirty-two miles across. I commenced business the 4th of August. It was strange busi-

ness to me. We had to haul all our water twelve miles for cooking and for twelve horses. We were also daily annoyed by Mormon Indians begging. They were peaceable until the last of December ; they then became hostile. One day when the other men had gone after water, two tall Indians came to the station, and with raised tomahawks, threatened my life if I did not give them some flour. I promised if they would spare my life to give each of them a sack of flour. They assented, took the flour, and went away. I left a few days after (Jan. 4th, 1863), for Carson City, Nevada, where I arrived the 7th, and thence for Gold Hill.

I had fully resolved that I would never drink liquor or gamble again, as it was now about nine months since I had done either ; and my sole object in keeping an overland station was to keep from liquor and from card playing ; for the Stage Company does not allow liquor to be sold at those stations. I had been too proud-spirited to be considered a gambler or a drunkard ; but my love of liquor and card playing had overpowered my pride. I had been ashamed to look a respectable man in the face. I knew I had done wrong. Many times I have cried nearly all night, to think I was such a slave to these habits. Having formed them so young, and practiced them so long, they had, as I feared, ruined my mind as well as my morals, beyond the hope of recovery. I thought of what I might have been but for these destructive vices. But I had not that decision of mind, nor the power to resist temptation, that I would have had if I had pursued that course of life to which my parents had advised me.

One evening as I was walking up Main street, in the City of Gold Hill, and was approaching a saloon, I was attracted inside by the charming music of a cornet band, designed to call betting men to the gaming tables. There were four tables, all of them surrounded with betters. I stood awhile seeing my old favorite game played, Spanish monte, at which I had played so much in Mexico, and at which I had won and lost thousands and tens of thousands of dollars. In a few minutes came my favorite lay out, deuce and king. I bet a twenty dollar gold piece on the king, and lost my money. Until then I did not once think of the resolution I had formed. Reader, that sweet music is intended to allure men and boys into places where they are ruined. While I was on the Pacific coast, I knew many men forty years old and older, led by such music to commence gambling, and soon bring themselves to want and degradation.

There is, however, one thing in their favor : they have not so many years of unhappy life to live as a boy that commences in his teens.

I will now return to the monte table. After I had lost my twenty dollar gold piece, tears came into my eyes, not because I had lost the money, but because I had been such a fool as to let gamblers and music cause me to forget my good resolutions. While I stood thinking whether I should leave the monte table without trying to recover my twenty dollars by playing, the monte dealer laughed at me, and said I happened to get on the wrong card, speaking in such a manner as to increase my vexation. I took from my pocket one hundred dollars and commenced playing, and told him I would break his monte bank if I could get one of my old streaks of luck. I bet ten or twelve times, and won nearly every time ; and he closed his bank for the night. This is the way the gambling bankers do. If one of their betters is in good luck, they close their game. If he had allowed me to gain a few more bets, I would have had him in my pocket, as the gambler's phrase is when he wins from another all his money. But was the money I won a benefit to me ? It was rather a curse. Had I left the gaming saloon immediately after losing my twenty dollar piece, and thinking of my resolutions never to drink or gamble again ; but to keep out of the company of drunkards and gamblers, how much better it would have been for me ! I believe I should this day have my eye-sight. But I did wrong ; and now I am suffering the sad consequences of my error.

The next night I went to the same gambling house and stepped up to the same monte-dealer's table to commence betting ; but he politely requested me not to bet at his bank, and said I bet too freely and was too lucky. I said that was why they called me Lucky Jo. I then turned to a faro-bank, and commenced betting against it. My luck changed ; I lost nearly every bet I made. I played until the bank closed, and went to my boarding-house at a late hour, and retired. I kept on playing every night until the 21st, when my eyes became weak and sore from being up nights, drinking, gambling, and using so much tobacco. On the 23d I was taken sick, and called a physician. He gave me medicine. The next day he called twice. The next morning he called again, and pronounced my disease the small-pox, and said I had it very bad. He gave me medicine, and left the room. About two hours after, who should enter my room but "Pest-house Brown !" a man appointed by the

city authorities to look after cases of small-pox, which was then raging badly. Brown said to me, "Young man, I am after you ; get up and put on your clothes, for you must go to the pest-house." I knew there was no use to refuse, for if I did, the city officers would take me there. When I had dressed myself, Mrs. Lee, who was very kind to me, wrapped around me four large blankets. I got into the wagon, and laid down in the bottom by the side of Milton Overman, son of George Overman, who owned a large interest in a rich silver mine, and after whom the claim is named ; and we were carted off to the pest-house. On awaking the next morning, I saw a man next to me, sitting up in his bed, dead. The nurses had fallen asleep in the night, and the poor sufferer had scratched his face and head so that the blood had run all over him. He was a frightful looking object ; in about two hours he was buried. The first and only quarrelling over a dead man's boots I ever heard was here. There were not less than four nurses, each of whom claimed the boots for some service rendered the man. One for giving him a glass of water, another for giving him a cup of tea, and so on ; and after a violent scramble, the strongest man got them.

The fright at seeing the dead man, and the scene just described, made me nervous, and I became delirious, in which state I remained ten days. When I had recovered my senses, I found that I was blind ! My left eye had run out of my head, and my right was covered with a film. Reader, you can form some idea of my feelings. I knew my bad habits were the cause of my misfortune. They affected my eyes ; and you know that when a person is taken with a contagious disease, it is likely to settle in the weakest part of the system.

On the day I was taken with the small-pox, the keepers of Canon Station were attacked by sixty Indians, and killed and scalped. One, the man that filled my place, was burnt. Also four soldiers who ran their horses from Deep Creek station to assist their fellow white men, were killed. The Indians took the stage horses and the soldiers' horses, and the scalps and clothes from those they had massacred, and, having set on fire the hay-stack and stables, fled to the mountains. Had I remained there a few days longer, I should probably have been one of the killed. There is little difference, however, between death and affliction like mine, brought upon one's self by habits of vice and dissipation. I am not the only one who has thus destroyed himself. There are thousands, and hundreds of thou-

sands who have ruined themselves, body and mind, by drinking, gambling, and tobacco-poison.

I was in the pest-house three months, and then I was humbugged by a doctor who told me he could cure my eyes. I went to his eye-infirmary, where I was under his treatment three months ; for medical treatment and my board, he charged me \$100 a month ; and instead of benefiting, he injured my eye. I went from the infirmary to a private boarding-house, and while there, a robber one night entered my room, and took my pantaloons, with \$375, from under my head, and escaped. The next morning I had the robbery advertised, and the next morning after, the pantaloons were found on the fence near my boarding-house with \$374, the robber having taken but one dollar for his trouble in returning them. Some thought the robber's conscience smote him on finding that he had robbed a blind man, and secretly put the pantaloons where they were likely to be found. I was at this boarding-house three months. I then went to San Francisco, where I was under treatment in the eye infirmary until the 23d of December, paying \$2 50 a day without benefit. On the 23d I took passage on board a steamer for Panama ; took the railroad for Aspinwall ; there took a steamer for New York ; and from there came by railroad to Warsaw, where I write this narrative of my unfortunate and miserable career. Reader, judge of the feelings of myself and my relatives on my return after so long an absence, a poor, ruined, wretched man, made so by my wanton, cruel disregard of the advice of those kind friends upon whose charity I was compelled to throw myself. You may see in my case the effects of a roving, dissipated life. If you are yet correct in your habits, and respectable, yield not to the temptations by which you may be assailed. Shun the company of the vicious and depraved. In this course alone there is safety. And if you are already in the way to ruin, stop at once ; break off from your evil habits, and you may yet be respected and happy.

Having finished the proposed sketch of my own life, I will now go back to Warsaw village, and trace the course of some of those boys who started with me in their vicious career. With me they first played cards "just for amusement." Next they took a little beer and wine ; and soon, "just a few drops" of whisky and brandy. There was no harm, they said, in having a little enjoyment in this way. But will boys stop before they get too far ? No ; nine out of ten who commence bad habits go on to ruin. Where are my young comrades, who, with me,

began to play merely for amusement, and to drink a little? They, like me, proceeded to play for pennies, then for dimes, dollars, tens and hundreds, and to increase their drinking in about the same proportion. I repeat the question, "Where are they?" Four of them filled drunkards' graves before they had seen thirty-two summers. The fifth, a bloat and half an idiot, supported by wealthy parents, will, to all human appearance, reach a similar destination. I have been told that it is the opinion of physicians that the affection of his mind is, in whole or in part, caused by the excessive use of liquor and tobacco. His condition is worse even than mine. The sixth is now in solitary confinement in Michigan State Penitentiary, sentenced for life, for killing a man in the city of Marshall. He was intoxicated when he committed the murder. Out of thirteen of us who were accustomed to meet at the stores to play cards and drink for pastime or amusement, as we then considered it, there are but two who reformed when young, and are now respectable men. Think of it, young reader: eleven out of thirteen dead or ruined! Think of it well before you take the first glass or play the first game, even for amusement only.

A family, consisting of the parents, four daughters and seven sons, removed some years since from Batavia, Genesee county, New York, to Buffalo. Some of them still reside in that city. The father was a house-builder. George, his eldest son, was twenty years of age. After a few months he became unsteady. He was often out nights until a late hour, drinking and gambling. His parents, having learned the fact, entreated him to stop; but George continued his course. One morning, at the breakfast-table, he told his father he should work no longer with him; for he could make more at gambling than all of them could make at their trade. His parents, weeping, told him the day would come when he would be sorry that he had ever seen a pack of cards. George did not think so; he could get all the money he wanted by playing cards. He left home, and made gambling a steady business in the city. For a time he was fortunate—bought fine clothes, gold watches and jewelry, and would go home and show his money and jewelry to his younger brothers, thus making them discontented and tempting them to a similar course, when they should be of sufficient age. Such was the effect. As they grew up, and got from under their parents' control, they, like George, took to gambling as a business, having practiced not a little under his instruction. Where are now

these seven brothers? Three of them died from drunkenness. The fourth killed himself by cutting his throat in the city of New Orleans, one night, after losing all his money at gambling. The other three are in the State prison. How sad to see boys forming habits which will sooner or later bring them to such a miserable end! Had George pursued the right course, his brothers would probably have done the same, and all have become respectable and useful men. That they were skillful gamblers I know, having played with them many a game.

In the village of Wyoming, six miles north of Warsaw, was a young man whose name was Edward Rowe. When about eighteen or nineteen years of age, he was sent by his employer, Mr. Daniel Keith, to a town south of Warsaw, after a load of lumber. On his return through Warsaw, his wagon broke down. Edward took the horses from the wagon, and put them into the hotel stable, and sent word to Mr. Keith to come after them, as he (Rowe), should never work another day for him or any other man. Rowe had already become an expert country gambler. He went to Buffalo and made gambling a business. He was fortunate. He went to the Southern States, and won piles of money. He went to Chicago, and bought a large quantity of real estate, fine horses and carriages, and other things of the most costly kind. He roomed in the third story of a brick block on Lake street. Called on in his room one day by an acquaintance from Wyoming, he told his friend how successful he had been, and said if he saw a hundred dollars lying on the pavement, and could have it by going down after it, he would not go; for he had no use for more; or if he had, he could turn around to his gaming table, and win it more easily than he could go down into the street. Eight years passed away, when, on a Sabbath evening, who should make his appearance in Warsaw but Ed. Rowe. He was poorly clad, and his face would have made a good sign for a wholesale liquor house. He had a cousin in Warsaw, whom he had come to get to go with him to Buffalo, and join him in renting the Lovejoy Hotel. He said the owner required a quarter's rent in advance; and as he (Edward), had been in hard luck for a few years past, and lost all his property, he wished his cousin to pay the quarter's rent; and then told him what piles of money they could make from a gambling room, from boarders, and from travelers, etc. But Cousin Roderic told

him he would not go into such business, and Edward, displeased, returned to Buffalo. Three years passed away ; and, reader, where do you think Edward Rowe was ? He was in the Lunatic Asylum, at Utica, a State pauper, where he is at the present time. There is that former rich gambler, who once would not have gone down two flights of stairs for a hundred dollars, a victim to his vicious habits ! Reader, I say again, take warning ; these are facts.

I have already introduced the reader to Lucky Bill, who won ninety dollars from me at Kalamazoo. He went the next spring across the plains to California, taking with him his son, about seventeen years of age, and several race horses. He had been in California but four months when his luck suddenly changed. He lost on nearly every game of cards he played, and got beat on nearly every horse race. In about one year Lucky Bill was "played out ;" his large fortune was scattered to the winds. He and his son were turned out of one boarding house after another, for not being able to pay their board bills. In their extremity, not knowing what else to do, they joined that great gang of robbers which was broken up by the famous Vigilance Committee. He went into the mountains, waylaying and robbing the hard-working miners and peaceable travelers, and soon became one of the most desperate highwaymen in California. At one time, as two men were passing along, well armed, Lucky Bill, with two revolvers ready cocked, one in each hand, sprang from behind some bushes by the road-side, presented the revolvers at the heads of the travelers, and compelled them to lay down their weapons, money and watches at his feet. He picked up his plunder, mounted his horse, and rode off into the mountains. He was feared by all travelers.

At another time a drover and butcher named Bush, was traveling over the mountains back of Marysville. Lucky Bill sprang from his hiding place, presented his revolver, and demanded Bush's money. Bush being a strong and brave man, ventured a battle with Bill, and in the scuffle knocked him down and jumped upon him. Bill, however, succeeded in shooting Bush through the head, took from his pocket seventeen hundred dollars, and a gold watch and chain. Bill having been seen by a hunter near the place where the murder was committed, there was no doubt who the murderer was. The news spread rapidly. Bush being well known by the miners, whom he had supplied with meat, (some of whom were members of the Vigilance Committee), the miners and mechanics threw down

their tools, determined to capture Lucky Bill, who had hitherto baffled all attempts by the officers of many towns to arrest him. They started in squads of ten, twelve, and fifteen men ; and on the second day one of the squads found him asleep in a thicket of bushes, and captured the desperado. Having with them a rope, they took him to a tree, intending to hang him at once. He begged of them to spare his life until he could see his son, and give him some good advice. Thinking this might benefit his son, they consented to spare him a few hours, and took him down to the foot of the mountain near Marysville, where his son was. He spoke to his son in substance as follows : " My son, you know I am to be hung for my shocking crimes. The cause of my being a robber and murderer was my bad habits. I commenced putting the wine-cup to my lips when I was about your age. I have since been going on, step by step, until I have come to this horrible end, which so many gamblers and drunkards have found. Now, son, I advise you to expose the bad gang we joined, and if you are released, go back to your mother at Marshall, in Michigan, and be a steady young man, instead of being such an unhappy man through life as I have been." The Vigilance Committee let him talk to his son for two hours, when they told him his time had come. Two of the committee took away the son and guarded him, while the others hung Lucky Bill to a tree till he was dead. They buried him, and took the son down to Marysville, where he exposed thirteen of the gang, one of whom was Yankee Sullivan, the great prize-fighter, who fought with Tom Hyer on Morris Island, many years ago, and who, like others of that class, was a drinking gambler. The news was sent to the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco, who took Clark and Cooper, and several others, and hung them, and lodged Sullivan in jail ; and gave many other ruffians notice to leave the city within three days, or share the same fate. While the committee were preparing the scaffold for Sullivan, he hung himself in his cell with his suspenders. Lucky Bill's son returned to Marshall, where, it is said, he now resides a respectable citizen.

I will here say a word in my own behalf. I never belonged to any organized gang, though I have often been invited to join gangs, particularly those for passing counterfeit money. I have never knowingly passed a dollar of bad money. On the contrary, I once exposed a gang of counterfeiters by means of a drunken agent of theirs who came to me because I was a gambler, and tried to get me to take some of their counterfeit

money to gamble with. He was somewhat intoxicated, and after I had got him to take a few drinks with me, and gained his confidence, he was in a condition to tell me all that was necessary for the detection of the counterfeiters. The next morning I wrote to a friend of mine living in the city in which the bad money was made, giving him the name of the street and the number of the building where the money was made. My friend showed the letter to the sheriff. At night the house was watched, and a number of men were seen to enter and not return. Not long after they had gone in, no light was seen from the outside. The officers then burst open the door, passed through a dark room, and caught the counterfeiters at their work. They were tried, convicted, and sent to the State prison.

I will now give you the rest of my history of Stuttering Alic, the gambler, who won eleven thousand dollars in the Eldorado saloon in San Francisco, one morning before breakfast. I had heard of this rich gambler from returned Californians, and had been encouraged by his success, for I aimed to be such a gambler myself. Little did I ever think the great Alic and myself would ever be in the pest-house together. He arrived at San Francisco in 1850. From that time to 1857, he owned the finest horses, carriage and harness in the city. He wore a diamond shirt-pin said to be worth \$2,000, and diamond rings and sleeve-buttons, and was one of the gayest of the gay. He also owned a large amount of real estate. But in 1857, judgment came. He was taken sick with the inflammatory rheumatism, which was so severe as to draw his hands and his feet out of shape, so that he could not deal cards without difficulty, nor walk without two canes. His luck changed, and in two years his property was all gone ! In 1860, two years after, the Comstock silver ledge was discovered at Virginia City, Nevada. Some of his gambling friends helped him to that place, where the once rich Stuttering Alic lived by contributions from the gamblers, and the little money the old wretch received for teaching young men to gamble. He was the cause of many becoming gamblers. In 1863, while the small-pox was raging in Virginia City, Alic took the disease. The pest-house man heard of it, and went to take him to the pest-house. Alic drew his revolver, and threatened to shoot him if he attempted to take him. Just then three other gamblers entered the room, and told the pest-house man to leave, or they would shoot him. The man went to the board of aldermen, and inquired what he should do ; Nye,

now a senator in Congress from that State, being one of the board. The police posse was ordered to go and take Alic, dead or alive. The policemen went to his room and found his door locked. The captain of the police ordered the gamblers inside to unlock the door, or he would shoot every one of them ; and the door was unlocked. The pest-house man and Janies Mack, our pest-house cook, took from Alic his weapons, carted him to the pest-house, and laid him on an old filthy bed in the kitchen, where he lived four days. With his hands raised, he exclaimed, " O Lord !" His hands dropped, and he was dead. His body was put into a rough box, his old blankets thrown over the body, and he was buried without ceremony—a pauper : the expenses of his sickness and burial being paid by the city. This was the end of another rich gambler.

Reader; I have now given you a sketch of the lives of the three richest gamblers I ever knew—Edward Rowe, Lucky Bill, and Stuttering Alic. Rowe is still a pauper on the State of New York, in the lunatic asylum. He was at one time probably richer than any gambler now living. Four-fifths of the inmates of the poor-houses and prisons in our country have been brought there by bad habits. Of the large number of children in the poor-houses, most of them will have to suffer through life in consequence of the vices of their parents, who were either drunkards, gamblers, or tobacco worms. Why do not the old paupers tell to all those they see the true cause of their being such ? They are, like myself, ashamed of their past life, and fear, perhaps, that if the cause were known, persons would have less sympathy for them in their distress. Go into the Blind Asylum, in the city of New York, where I have been during one term, and where are nearly two hundred pupils, many of whom have, like myself, become blind from bad habits. When asked by visitors the cause of their blindness, they will falsely ascribe it to this, or that, or some other accident. But evenings, when in our rooms by ourselves, the real cause would be talked of, and some of them would cry and sob to think they had brought themselves into their present condition by their vicious course of life, to continue in this condition the remainder of their days. I believe it to be the duty of those who have been the guilty authors of their own misfortunes, to tell the whole truth, and give warning to others.

When I was twenty-two years of age, and stopping for a time at the Astor House in New York, my business in the city being gambling, a party of us young men went to that noted

part of the city, called "Five Points," to "see the fashions;" in sober language, to see the wretchedness of the people living there. We got to the police station, in Baxter street, about ten o'clock: the right time to see the police officers bring in the poor drunken wretches, and lodge them in the calaboose. We examined the cupboard kept for storing the weapons, skeleton keys, etc., taken from murderers, robbers, and burglars, and with which this cupboard, four feet wide, two feet deep, and twelve feet high, was nearly filled. Among the deadly weapons were revolvers, bowie-knives, pieces of swords and scythes, with handles, sword canes, gun canes, air guns, air revolvers, and all other kinds imaginable. Scarcely a door-lock is manufactured in the United States which may not be opened with some key taken from these burglars. This cupboard, we are told, is cleared out once in three months, being filled four times a year.

We next bargained with a man, formerly a policeman, and familiar with every street and alley in the Five Points' district, for three dollars, to conduct us as a pilot and guard, until one o'clock, telling him we wished to see the worst places. We went from Baxter street into an alley, each having a cigar in his mouth, and having taken several drinks of liquor, little thinking, being young and healthy, that we were indulging in the very habits which had brought these people to want and misery. Our pilot led us down a broken pair of stairs into Whisky Jack's lodging house, a room cold and damp, twenty feet long and twelve feet wide, in which were no less than sixteen lodgers, some of them asleep, some too drunk to sleep, others cursing us, and others asking us to sleep with them, and carry with us a few lice and bed-bugs in the morning; and still others asking for a few pennies to buy something to eat. Their berths were three high, and built after the manner of steamboat berths. On one of the lowest berths was a gray-headed old man, who appeared to be sober. I asked him the cause of his being in that suffering condition. Weeping, he said, after a moment's hesitation, the first cause was liquor. I asked him if he had a family. "Young man," said he, "do not speak to me of family;" and increased his weeping. He said he had a family in some part of the world. Each of us gave him and several others some pennies, and left.

We went a few doors, and turned down into another room, similar in condition and size to the former, with eighteen lodgers. Beds also were similar; ticks filled with straw or hay; and for covering, they had, instead of blankets, pieces of old

coffee sacks, and old rags of all kinds, such as they had picked up in the streets. And for such beds lodgers paid ten cents a night. Most of them were drunk, some swearing at us for coming into their room, others begging for money to buy food. I asked a large, strong, middle-aged man how he came to be here. Rum, he said, was the cause. We gave some of them pennies, and passed out. We visited another lodging house, which was a little better, the lodgers having blankets to cover them ; but were charged twenty cents a night, being a somewhat higher grade of people, yet most of them intoxicated. We continued our travels about the Five Points until one o'clock, visiting lodging-houses, and receiving from the lodgers in most cases the same answers as to the cause of their miserable condition. I shall never forget the answer of one of these men to my question.—“Gambling, rum, and tobacco,” he said, “the same that is taking you, young chaps, amongst bed-bugs, lice, and other kinds of man-eaters. And you, boys, look out for I think from the looks of your faces, you all drink. Look out, or old Mr. Whisky will get you after a while.” But we did not regard what he said, thinking there was no danger. And now I cannot help thinking of us five boys, and the scenes we witnessed that night. Two of our number have served a term in the State prison, and myself am blind. Where the other two are, I do not know. Oh ! why did we not heed the warning from the man who told us to look out for Mr. Whisky ? The truth is, mankind can readily see the faults and the dangers of others, while they are blind to their own. I believe that tobacco alone is the chief or first cause of sending many to the poor-house. It often unfitts men for work or business, and sometimes causes serious sickness. I have used tobacco sixteen years, and can say much from experience. Dr. Mott, of New York, who was probably the most learned practical physician in the United States, said, in lecturing to his medical students, that if they had a patient who used tobacco, to forbid the use of it ; for it destroyed the effect of medicine. He said it ought to be called the weed of lingering disease, and hundreds of thousands were, by the use of it, hurrying themselves to early graves. He said further, that many complain of pains in the back, sides, chest, and other parts of the system, and took medicines from their family physicians, and all kinds of patent medicines, without relief, when all that was necessary was to stop using tobacco. Others of the most eminent physicians concur in this opinion of Dr. Mott. And I can, from my own experience, declare that what they say I sincerely believe to be true.

A word here to those who have a roving disposition. A rover's life is a hard and a bad one. I have been in thirty different States, and four Territories. And I have met men who had been in every State in the Union, and in every Territory, and in many foreign countries. Yet I have never found one such roving man who was not an unhappy man ; but when overtaken by sickness or old age, such men, having spent their earnings in traveling, are supported at the poor-house, or by their friends, during the remainder of their lives, and are buried in pauper graves. Far better it would have been for many of these had they married at a proper age, and settled down in life at some honest trade. To this I would advise young men. Had I done so, I would not now be a poor blind man.

I conclude with an exhortation to young men and boys generally. My young friends, think of the pain you cause your parents by a vicious course of life. Such a life is little else than the infliction of a slow murder. It puts an end to their earthly happiness. Young man, your kind, affectionate mother has watched over and cared for you for days and months and years during the helpless period of your life, in health and in sickness, and has lavished upon you the expressions of her love and affection. And she indulges the fond hope that you will in return be to her a stay and support in her old age, should she be spared so long. But think of her feelings when told that her dear son has been several times seen with his young associates in the saloons or bar-rooms taking a glass of some intoxicating liquor. She begs of you with tears, to stop, knowing better than yourself your danger. Perhaps you tell her not to be alarmed, you can take care of yourself ; or, you only take a drink occasionally with your friends ; or you promise to do so no more, but forget, or utterly disregard your promise ; or you turn a deaf ear to her kind words and earnest entreaties, all intended for your good. She hears again of your continued visits to these places of drinking and debauchery, and of your having been seen in the billiard room, and at the gaming table. And again, in the depth of her grief, weeping most bitterly, she beseeches you to go no further in your dangerous way. Perhaps you again promise amendment ; but you do not keep yourself out of the way of temptation, and you are persuaded by your associates to repeat your nightly visits to your wonted places of resort. Your father talks to you with no better success. Your parents both *feel* that you are ruined—lost. By all your acquaintances who have watched your

progress, you are counted among the lost. Yet you may possibly, in your blindness, think yourself in not a very bad way, or you may again resolve to reform, but with no better success than before. Imagine now the feelings of that tender mother as she goes at night, with an aching heart, to lay her aching head upon her pillow. She knows that her son is in the haunts of the vicious, and is constantly becoming more and more confirmed in habits of vice and dissipation. She cries and sobs herself to sleep. In the morning she goes about her daily work with a mournful countenance. Sorrow is marked upon her face no less distinctly than if she were mourning for his death, and brings her perhaps to an early grave : for it is well known that the mind affects the body, and often either produces disease, and neutralizes the power of medicine. She lingers along for a few months, and dies a victim to the mental and bodily anguish caused by a cruel —may I not say a murderous son !

A word also to drinking and gaming fathers. The well-prepared supper despatched, the father hastens to the grog shop. His faithful wife, at an early hour, undresses her four or five little children, and puts them into their clean though poor beds—poor, because their negligent father spends for drink what should be expended for the support and comfort of his family. She sits up, diligent at her work, and waiting for him until eleven or twelve o'clock ; but he does not come. She thinks of her misfortune in being the wife of a drunkard. She sees her women neighbors with smiling faces ; their daily wants supplied by attentive and kind husbands, who spend their evenings at home, and all, parents and children, contented and happy. These thoughts fill her eyes with tears, so that she can no longer see to ply her busy needle. She lays her weary body down to rest during the few remaining hours of the night ; but her sleep, even during this brief period, is interrupted by her bitter reflections, crying ; and the return of her husband—fretful, ill natured, quarrelsome—drunk. Her children and herself being dependent upon her labor, she rises at an early hour, and again goes through the daily tedious round of toils and trials. Thus she drags out a miserable life, and, if sustained by a vigorous constitution, protracted, perhaps, through many long and weary years of mental agony, keen as the pangs of death itself. Thus we see the once kind and affectionate husband become the guilty destroyer of the happiness of one

whom he had solemnly promised to cherish and support. Surely there are murderers of wives, as well as murderers of fathers and mothers.

Nor are these the only destroyers of human happiness and human life. Humiliating and painful as is the fact, there are daughters who are, in the same sense of the word, murderers of parents, and sisters, and brothers. O girls ! could I tell you how degraded were some of your own sex whom I have seen in my travels, I think the tears would stream down your cheeks. I have seen them hold out their hands crying for bread. And what was the cause of their suffering? It began in disobedience to their parents, and in not heeding their advice. They went on, step by step, from bad to worse in their vicious course, until they reached the lowest depth of misery and degradation. Girls, your safety lies in a good education. Go to school, and improve diligently the time and opportunity afforded you in useful study. Go to religious meetings and Sabbath schools, and use all other means for improving your minds and your hearts, and thus lay a sure foundation for your own happiness, and the happiness of your friends.

In one thing I have been somewhat singular. I had always an anxiety to hear the history of bad men, and to hear it from their own lips. I have often treated them with liquor till they were pretty well stimulated, and then drawn from them a history of their lives from their childhood ; and I have found most of them to be persons who had little or no education, and who had never regularly attended public worship on the Sabbath, or Sabbath schools, or other places of religious instruction.

My young friends, I feel a deep interest in your welfare ; and for your especial benefit these pages have been written. And now permit me, in conclusion, to repeat my advice :— Never drink the first dram; never defile your mouths with the first quid or cigar ; never play the first game of cards. Do not profane the name of your Maker, nor his holy Sabbath, nor associate with those who do these things ; or, if you have already done either, I entreat you never to do it again. Pursue some honorable calling. Be honest, industrious, and frugal ; and devote your leisure hours to the improvement of your mind by useful reading and study, and you will be prosperous and happy, a blessing to your family, to the community, to your race ; and you will leave to your

children a legacy more valuable than all the money that gamesters ever won—the legacy of a Good NAME !

Reader, if you should chance to visit those cities and villages I have mentioned, inquire of the old settlers the history of the lives of different ones I have called your attention to, and you will find their lives much worse than I have related. There is not a writer in the world that can give the life of a gambler or a drunkard as bad as it really is. Look at the drunkards that come under your observation ; they are unhappy persons. I know they are. A person that drinks liquor is unhappy, compared with one who does not drink liquor. And now, my reader, take me for an example. I am one out of a countless number who has been ruined from vicious habits. And, my reader, when you go to take a glass of liquor, or to play a game of cards, or use tobacco, stop and think of me ; think what a poor, broken-hearted blind man I am, and it was those bad habits that caused my blindness. I am not the only one, for there are thousands and hundreds of thousands in our country that are as badly afflicted as I am, and the sole cause is their bad habits ! Reader, I know there is not one who may read this book that would like to be in as sad condition as I am in. And I know there is not one of you that would like to spend your days between the cold, damp prison walls, or spend your days in a filthy poor-house, or spend your last moments upon a gallows ; and if not, beware of bad habits, for when you commence on them you do not know where they will lead you to. Little did I think when I first commenced drinking beer, wine, and playing a simple game of cards, that I ever would be a gambler, a drunkard, and then a blind man. And since I have been blind I have wept for hours and hours to think I ever fell a victim to these bad habits. Oh ! if I could only be put back to the age of sixteen, I should know how to lead a happy life ; but I cannot, it is too late for me. But, my young reader, I beg of you, for your own happiness through life, and for the happiness of those dear, affectionate parents who are the best friends that ever a child can find in this world, and for the happiness of those sisters, brothers, and all your friends, shun bad habits. Oh ! I beg of you to impress my kind words upon your mind, and heed them before it is too late for you, as it is for me now !

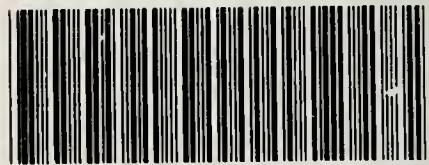
C. T. N.

A Family Pledge.

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that we will never use intoxicating liquors
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